



MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S

AND

TRANSLATIONS.



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1774

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Print



[J. Theobald]

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LONDON,

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MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S

TRANSLATIONS



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to



To the Honourable

*Charles Fairfax, Esq;*

SIR,



THE following Poems cannot more safely venture abroad, than under your Patronage, who have Authority sufficient to protect them, and Goodness enough to undertake to do it.

A 2

As

## *The Dedication.*

As Your Descent is truly Noble, so Your Education has been no ways inferiour to Your High Birth. What Foreign Countries could teach, You early learnt. And tho' You seemed entirely formed for a Court, yet the Camp in its Season received the hardy Warriour. Nor did You return to Your Noble Father, till You had long been become an Example of the greatest Courage mix'd with the politest Behaviour.

How pleasing must it be to HIM to see You shine already with those Accomplishments, which



## *The Dedication.*

which are not acquired ordinarily but by many Years Application and Experience: and to be assured, that those Honours, which must one Day descend to You, will be no ways diminished in their Splendour; but will be transmitted Bright and Shining to Posterity, as they now remain Distinguished in his own Illustrious Person.

The Poems, SIR, I have now the Honour to address to You, are the Product of leisure Hours. And as *Physick*, not *Poetry*, is my Profession, so I hope You will

## *The Dedication.*

will not think I am ambitious of being reputed an Author; but that I am glad to lay hold of any Opportunity, whereby I may prove my self, SIR, with the utmost Respect,

*Your most Obedient,*

*and most Devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

**J. THEOBALD.**

Virg  
the  
bor  
wh  
stor  
hap  
and  
self



We  
Are



MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS, &c.

---

VIRGIL'S First Eclogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil, who is concealed in the following Pastoral under the Name of Tityrus, having lost some Grounds, that bordered on Cremona, repaired to the Roman Court; where, thro' the Intercession of Mæcenas, he had them restored to him by Augustus. He is therefore pronounced happy by Melibœus, who deplores his own Condition, and that of all those who were driven out of their Possessions by the Roman Soldiers.

MELIBŒUS.



Eneath diffusive Branches laid along

You sweetly, Swain, indulge a rural  
Song.

We ev'ry Hill, and Plain, and beauteous Grove  
Are forc'd to quit, and round the World to rove.

B

While

While *Amaryllis* you securely sing,  
And make the Woods with her bright Praises ring.

*TITRVS.*

A God, for I shall never deem him less,  
A kind indulgent God bestows this Ease.  
To him an Altar by my Hands shall rise,  
And oft a Lambkin fall in Sacrifice.  
That thus permits my Flocks to range the Plains,  
And me to play his Praise in Sylvan Strains.

*MELIBOEVS.*

Mistake me not, my Friend; Thy happier Days  
Cause not my Envy, but my Wonder raise.  
Since thro' the Country wild Destruction's spread,  
And Ruin hangs o'er ev'ry Shepherd's Head.  
See a poor Flock I sickly drive: this Ewe  
I scarce can drag along: She yean'd but now.  
She yean'd but now two Younglings on a Rock,  
Ah! me! the Hope of all my little Flock.



I might have well foreseen this fatal Stroke,  
 When the fork'd Thunder split yon aged Oak,  
 Had I regarded, as observ'd it well:  
 The Raven too oft warn'd me of this Ill.  
 But yet methinks I long to know what God,  
 Or God-like Man on thee has all these Sweets  
 bestow'd.

TITRVS.

Alas! I simply thought Majestic *Rome*  
 Like the poor Town where we to Market come.  
 Whelps to their Sires, and Kids, I knew, a  
 near  
 Resemblance to their shaggy Parents bear:  
 Thus did I Great with little Things compare.  
 But *Rome's* high Turrets mount as far above  
 Our *Mantuan* Cots, as the tall Cypress-Grove  
 O'er-tops the humble Shrub.

## MELIBOEVS.

But say, from Home

What Cause cou'd draw thee thus as far as *Rome*?

## TITRVS.

Why Liberty, Heav'n's best Gift, Liberty;

That kindly came at last to visit me.

That came, my Lad, when many heavy Years  
Had roll'd, and turn'd my Locks to silver Hairs.

After I'd long the Blessing fought in vain,

The Goddess came, and blest her Fav'rite Swain.

Since *Amaryllis* took me to her Arms,

No more the once-lov'd *Galatea* charms.

While I lay bound in *Galatea's* Chain,

No Hopes had I of Liberty, or Gain.

Tho' oft a Lambkin from my Pastures bled,

Tho' Thousands I with heav'nly Cheese-curds fed;

Curse on Ingratitude! yet nought I earn'd,

But as I empty went, so Home I still return'd.

M E-

MELIBOEVS.

I wondred why sad *Amaryllis* wept;  
For whom her Pears, for whom her Plums she kept.  
But now I know the Cause of all her Moan,  
Of all her Care, her darling Swain was gone.  
Alas! each Stream, and Grove, and Flow'ry Plain  
Mourn'd till their *Tityrus* return'd again.

TITYRVS.

What cou'd I do? elsewhere I cou'd not find  
Life fit so easy, or the Gods so kind.  
Here I a Youth beheld with ev'ry Grace  
Adorn'd, to whom our Altars yearly blaze,  
That sooth'd the rude Disorders of my Mind,  
To Mercy, Peace, and Gentleness inclin'd.  
And, Lads, says he, once more the Cattle feed,  
Plow the wast Land, and strew the swelling Seed,

MELIBOEVS.

Thrice happy Thou shalt then no Sorrows know,  
But still shalt see thy Harvests kindly grow.

6 *Miscellaneous Poems, &c.*

Thy Grounds to thee a large Encrease shall yield,  
Tho' Flints, and Thistles cover o'er the Field.  
Nor shall th' Infection hurt thy Fleecy Breed,  
Tho' all around thee dire Contagion's spread.  
Thou by the Banks of thy own Rivers laid  
Shalt oft enjoy the spreading Poplar's Shade.  
While Bees, sweet-buzzing from some neighb'ring  
Close,

Invite your wearied Mind to soft Repose.  
Nor shall the Woodman, nor the youthful Swains  
Be interrupted in their jovial Strains.  
Nor shall the Stock-dove, or the Turtle cease  
To Bill, and Coo among the waving Trees.

*TITIRVS.*

First then shall Dolphins quit their native  
Flood,  
And wander thro' the Mazes of the Wood;

First



First to the Skies shall trembling Stags repair,  
To walk aloft in Clouds, and feed on Air;  
First shall the *Roman* drink the *British Thames*  
Prepost'rously, or *Britons Roman* Streams;  
All Nature first shall change her present State,  
Than I shall that dear heav'nly Form forget.

MELIBOEVS.

But we must march to *Africk's* burning Sand,  
To *Scythia*, *Crete*, or to some distant Northern  
Land.

Alas! Will e'er the happy Time roll round,  
When I shall view once more my native Ground!  
Survey my bearded Corn, and enter pleas'd  
The little tufted Cot these Hands have rais'd!  
Ye Gods! shall so well-cultivated Lands  
Fall a detested Prey to Savage Hands?  
Shall a Barbarian snatch the Corn we've sown?  
Thro' civil Broils how wretched are we grown!

See! see! for whom we've plow'd the fruitful  
Field!

A Stranger reaps the Corn our Harvests yield!

Go, *Melibæus*, go, and graft the Pear,

Or let the tender Vine employ thy Care.

Farewel ye Flocks! No more supinely laid

Beneath yon verdant Covert, in the Shade,

Shall I behold you hanging on the Brow

Of yonder Mountain, while I pipe below.

No more on Willow you, or Flow'ry Thyme

Shall brouze; nor shall I more regard my Rhyme.

*TITRUS.*

Yet you may stay, and rest your wearied Head

With me to-Night upon a Mossy Bed.

I've mellow Apples, and a dainty Hoard

Of Chesnuts ripe: I've Whitepot, Cheese, and

Curd:

And

And see the Smoak curls round yon Chimneys'  
Top,  
And lengthen'd Shadows from the Mountains  
drop.

---

A N

E P I S T L E,

*Written in the Spring, 1720.*

FROM *Oxford's* soft Retreats, and vocal Groves,  
The Haunt of *Muses*, and the little *Loves*,  
Health to the Charmer of my Soul I send,  
Whom long may Heav'n from ev'ry Ill defend!  
Here kinder Seasons reign, and urge to Birth  
The Infant Flow'rs to deck their Parent Earth.  
The Parent Earth is crown'd with new-born Flow'rs  
Beauteous as those adorn'd fair *Eden's* Bow'rs.

Where-

Where-e'er around I turn my wand'ring Eyes,  
 Gods! how a thousand pleasing Prospects rise!  
 Here verdant Plains I view, and checquer'd Meads,  
 (Where am'rous Swains lie stretch'd on fragrant  
 Beds)

There I, impervious to the sultry Day,  
 Retirement sweet! a Filbert Grove survey.  
 And there in beauteous Order rang'd arise  
 Wide-spreading Elms, that seem to mate the Skies,  
 While *Isis*' Nymph-frequented Streams below  
 (Renown'd in Verse) in tuneful Warblings flow.  
*Isis*, that oft has heard my plaintive Song,  
 And crept in sadder Murmurings along.

But what avail the sweetly-purling Streams,  
 (Oh! that they cou'd but quench Love's raging  
 Flames!)

The shady Grottos, and the Sylvan Scenes,  
 The painted Meadows, or the Mossy Plains?

Alas!



Alas! from thy belov'd Embraces torn  
I grieve, and ev'n amidst Enjoyments mourn!

So the great Founder of our Race beheld  
His *Eden* with a World of Beauties fill'd.  
He saw the Jesmin Bow'rs, and Groves of Greens,  
The living Fountains, and enamel'd Plains,  
All to Perfection wrought without his Care,  
And own'd the whole Creation heav'nly fair;  
But still without his *Eve* he inly pin'd,  
Nor cou'd a Paradise content his Mind.

Queen of my Heart! (so may'st thou ever be!)  
Thou *Eden*, thou art all Delight to me.  
Early to thee my Morning Vows I send,  
To thee my latest Evening Wishes tend.  
Thou in my Dreams appear'st, e'er balmy Rest  
Has seal'd these Eyes, in all thy Beauties drest.  
Hugging the lovely Form intranc'd I lie,  
And with Excess of Rapture seem to die.

Till

Till (sad Reverse of Bliss!) the cheating Shade  
 Flits from my Arms, and all my Heav'n is fled.  
 Then lab'ring Cares tumultuous rack my Soul,  
 Unfluice my Eyes, and bid a Flood of Sorrows roll!

Thus may not all my Hopes prove empty  
 Dreams,

While I consume in unregarded Flames!

Great is my Love, yet chaste as falling Snow:

Such as Saints might reveal, or you may know,

You, in whom ev'ry Grace, and Virtue shine,

That guide each Act, and ev'ry Thought refine.

You, with whose Smiles, and soft Indulgence blest,

I'd envy not the Monarch of the East.

Last Night (for ev'ry Night my Dreams return)

Methought I saw thee tear these Lines in Scorn.

The scatter'd Fragments wanton'd in the Air,

Toss'd by the Winds, that seem'd to mock my  
 Care.

With

With Frenzy seiz'd I wak'd in wild Affright,  
And curs'd th' *ill-omen'd* Vision of the Night.

For wilt thou to my Vows propitious prove,  
Nor haughty Scorn return for tend'rest Love?  
Say, wilt thou not assume thy Sexes Pride,  
And triumph o'er my Wrongs, and all my Pains  
deride?

Ah! wilt thou ne'er (for Love is full of Fears)  
Rouze in my Breast a Train of jealous Cares?  
Left you to some more happy Mortal's Arms,  
(Detested Thought!) shou'd give that Heav'n of  
Charms?

*Venus!* Bright Queen of Beauty, and of Love,  
Goddeſs! to thee my humble Suit I move.  
Form thou the Nymph indulgent to my Pray'r,  
To Mercy bend her Soul, and make her Kind, as  
Fair!



# H O R A C E

Imitated To

*PETER GIFFARD, Esq;*

**G***Iffard!* oh! Born of ancient Blood!  
 My sweetest Grace, and choicest Good!  
 Whom noblest Qualities commend  
 The firmest Patriot, truest Friend!  
 For whom, still just to fair Desert,  
 Thy self adorn'd with ev'ry Art,  
 The tuneful NINE fresh Wreaths prepare,  
 That dost so well reward their Care;  
 Some there are, e'er the dewy Dawn  
 Has shed its Moistures on the Lawn,  
 Will range the Hills, and braky Mounds,  
 With chearful Horns, and op'ning Hounds,

The



 The Footsteps of the Hare to trace,  
Charm'd with the Musick of the Chace.  
Others, with Goblets nobly crown'd,  
Love to promote the Social Round:  
And sweetly plac'd in cooling Bow'rs,  
In jovial Healths consume their Hours.  
Others the Love of Glory warms,  
And pushes on to shine in Arms,  
Disdaining Watchings, Dangers, Toils,  
To come Home grac'd with Warlike Spoils.  
While some, Ambitious to be Great,  
And strut in pompous Robes of State,  
Repair to Court, to forfeit Ease,  
And Peace of Mind, to get a Place.

But nor the Pleasures of the Chace,  
Nor rosy Cups my Fancy please:  
Nor am I fond to purchase Fame  
At War, or seek at Court a Name:

The Laureat Grove, and Flow'ry Sweets  
I love, the *Muses*' soft Retreats.

Where Feather'd Choirs harmonious sing,  
And hail the blooming new-born Spring.

Here if invok'd *Apollo* heard,  
And deign'd t' inspire his Fav'rite Bard  
With Strains, which thy judicious Ear  
Cou'd with a pleas'd Attention hear ;  
Thus blest by Fate I wou'd not quit  
My Harp, and this unenvied Seat,  
For all that's Joyous else, or Great.





ON

CHLOE's Singing.

I.

WHEN *Chloe* sings  
I faint away ;

My Soul takes Wings,

And will not stay.

But tell me, *Chloe*, tell me why

Thy Songs to me so fatal prove,

As thus to make me Faint and Die ;

Say, are not Joys of Saints above

Made up of Harmony, and Love ?

With them cou'd I securely dare

Lend to the melting'ft Sounds an Ear :

C

And,

ON

And, *Chloe*, so  
 To Heav'nly you  
 Cou'd here below  
 Thy *Damon* do,  
 Were Love no less than artful Numbers are  
 Bright *Chloe's* Care.

## II.

Heav'ns! when the soft melodious Song  
 Is warbled o'er thy tuneful Tongue,  
 What Love my glowing Bosom warms,  
 And fires my Soul with those sweet Charms!  
 While you, as Icy Winter, cold,  
 Regardless can my Flame behold!  
 This, *Chloe*, this 'tis makes me Sigh,  
 This makes me Languish, Faint, and Die!



H O.





H O R A C E's

*Vides ut altâ, &c.* Ode ix. B. I.

P A R A P H R A S'D

To E. T. Esq;

I.

**H**OW the Woods all Abroad  
Groan under the Load

Of insupportable Mountains of Snow!  
While the Murmuring Streams  
Of the Musical *Thames*  
Are silenc'd, and can no more flow.

II.

But what's this to me,  
My Dear *Ned*, or to thee?

Let us Timber pile high upon Timber:

C 2

Thus,

Thus, my Boy, we'll expel

The Cold that shall chill,

And a Midsummer make in *December*.

III.

But 'tis Wine must impart

Fresh Warmth to our Heart,

And with Life the numm'd Vitals inspire:

For, I pray, how can Wood

Set flowing chill'd Blood?

No! Blood won't be thaw'd by a Fire.

IV.

Therefore, Boy, get us Bowls,

As large as our Souls,

With a Hoghead of sparkling *Falernum*:

While Bus'ness and Care

(That frenzical Pair)

Are banish'd from hence *in aeternum*.

V. Give

V.

Give the rest to Great Jove,  
And their Godships above,  
To order as they shall think fitting:  
Let them calm the Seas,  
And rough Tempests appease,  
While we are here unconcern'd sitting.

VI.

'Tis the Part of a Fool  
To perplex his weak Scull  
With what may chance happen to-morrow:  
Let our whole Design  
Be how to decline,  
And cut off Occasions of Sorrow.

VII.

Soon enough to be Grave,  
When we've spent all we have,  
Or Old Age puts Mirth out of our Pow'rs:

While we've Cash, and are Young,

Love, a Dance, and a Song,

I'm sure lay best Claim to our Hours.

VIII.

Who can find in his Heart

To resist *Cupid's* Dart,

When a Whisper from *Chloe's* so sweet!

When we've spent the long Day

O'er a Glass, or in Play,

At Night oh! 'tis Heav'n to meet!

IX.

Then be sure the coy Maid

By a Laugh is betray'd:

But Kifs me not, no! for your Life!

For, I vow, if you do,

Long Hate shall ensue,

And an endless Succession of Strife.

X. Then



X.

Then heedless we catch  
At a Ring, or a Watch,  
Which She *by all Means* takes amiss:  
Tho' the Girl wou'd not rest,  
Thought we not her in jest,  
For there's none of 'em all, but will Kifs.



O N

CLARINDA'S *Birds.*

SWEET Songsters of the op'ning Spring,  
How prettily you chirp, and sing!  
You my *Clarinda's* darling Care,  
And fond Amusement of the Fair.  
For you the clearest Spring she gets,  
For lovely you the choicest Meats.

For you each Night and Morn prepares  
 The greenest Turf her Garden bears.  
 With you she Sits, and Plays, and Sings  
 The moving'st Tales, the melting'st Things.  
 You strokes; and oh! the envied Bliss!  
 On the soft Down oft breaths a Kiss.

Tell her, ye little Praters, tell,  
 Did She love me but half as well;  
 But half that Care for me express,  
 I shou'd run mad with Happiness.



Written under

*C H L O E's Picture.*

**S**UCH the dear *Chloe* is: the blooming Fair  
 Boasts to the Life the Beauties painted there.

So

So does the Coral redden in her Cheek:  
So does the Iv'ry smooth her snowy Neck.  
So with sweet Smiles she ev'ry Charm improves;  
But oh! the worst of Torments! so she loves!



In Praise of

*DIANA* and *APOLLO*,

*Translated from Horace, O. XXI. B. I.*

**Y**E *Virgins*! sing *Diana's* Praise,  
Ye Youths! to *Cynthius* tune your Lays.

Let fair *Latona*, whence they sprung,  
Belov'd by *Jove*, too grace the Song.

The Silver-shafted Goddess sing,  
That the cool Shade, and Chrystal Spring,

That

That *Algidum*, and *Cragus* loves,  
And founding *Erymanthus*' Groves.

Sweet *Tempe*, Youths, with equal Praise,  
And *Cynthius*' Native *Delos* raise.  
Sing him with Lyre harmonious grac'd,  
Or in his golden Quiver drest.

Pleas'd with your grateful Songs, and Pray'rs,  
He'll drive all Famine, Plagues, and Wars  
From us, and *Cæsar*, Good and Great,  
And ever guard the *Roman* State.







ON

CHLOE'S *Glove.*

I.

THRICE happy Glove!

That dost contain that beauteous Hand:

Within Thee do those Fingers move,

That might a Monarch's Love command.

II.

All *Chloe's* Charms amazing are;

All gentle Love in all inspire;

Her Face, her WASTE, her graceful Hair,

And snowy Neck raise warm Desire.

III.

But when her Lilly Hand you touch,

And all that Velvet Softness press;

Gods!

ON

Gods! the surprizing Pleasure's such,  
 You die away dissolv'd in Blifs!

## IV.

Soft's *Chloe's* Hand, but hard's her Heart,  
 As Flints that on the Mountains grow!  
 Wou'd I had the prevailing Art  
 To make it softer Passions know!

## V.

Then, sweetly plac'd beneath my Vine,  
 In her bright Praise my Harp I'd move;  
 And, full of that dear Form, resign  
 All other Joys for *Chloe's* Love.





To his *H A R P*,

*Translated from Horace. Ode XXII. Book I.*

**H**Armonious Lyre! If ought I've plaid  
On Thee, beneath a Laurel Shade,  
That will to future Times remain,  
Begin with me a *Roman* Strain.

Thee first the \* *Lesbian* Poet strung,  
That *Bacchus* still, and *Venus* sung:  
(Whether his Crest the Warriour wore,  
Or put his tatter'd Bark to Shore)

To

\* *Alcæus.*

And

And *Cupid*, God of am'rous Fire,  
 And *Lycus*, and the *Muses'* Quire:  
*Lycus*, the Loveliest fure of Boys,  
 His Hair so Black, so Black his Eyes!

Grace of *Apollo*, Joy of *Jove*,  
 Grateful to all the Gods above,  
 When heavy Cares my Youth opprefs,  
 Dear Charmer, ever give me Ease!



A N

## EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

**H**AST, *Venus*, hast! Thy *Cyprian* Groves  
 Forsake a-while, and scented Bow'rs;  
 And



And here with all the little Loves  
Lead on the joyous white-wing'd Hours!  
Then say, if thou hast ever seen,  
In all thy fair enchanting Train,  
Superiour Charms to those arise  
With which the blooming *Mira's* crown'd,  
To whom 'twas early giv'n to wound  
With snowy Neck, and brilliant Eyes!

II.

When first, by chaste *Lucina's* Aid,  
The lovely Babe breath'd Vital Air;  
The Goddess ev'ry Line survey'd,  
And thus bespoke the infant Fair:  
' Th' allotted Years shall soon be past,  
' When with thy Mother's Beauties grac'd,  
' For thee a thousand Youths shall pine;  
' But One alone of all the Race

Shall

‘ Shall win thee with his soft Address,  
 ‘ In whom all graceful Arts shall shine.

## III.

Thus She. And, ‘midst th’ attending Train,  
 See! where the matchless Couple tread!  
 See! how the Worthiest sire of Men  
 To th’ Altar leads the fairest Maid!  
 O Flow’r of Justice, Faith, and Truth,  
 Kind Heav’n cou’d not have crown’d thy Youth  
 With Store of more endearing Charms;  
 Nor could’st thou from the Gods receive  
 A Blessing greater, than they give,  
 Sweet *Syren*, to thy Virgin Arms!

## IV.

O *T\*\*\*n*! e’er the comely Down  
 Had sprung to shade thy smoother Face,  
 In thee distinguish’d Judgment shone,  
 Solidity, and Manly Grace.

Companion of my younger Years !

(Now Friend, and Soft'ner of my Cares)

Thy honest Soul has still disdain'd

Vile Flatt'ry, and fictitious Praise ;

Nor wilt thou by ignoble Ways

Permit thy Honour to be stain'd.

V.

*Apollo!* guard thy Fav'rite Son!

*Lucina!* still protect thy Maid!

And when the destin'd Months are run,

And she invokes thy sacred Aid ;

Short be her Pangs, and let a Birth

Bright as the Parent blest the Earth!

But if a Son the Fates ordain ;

May we in him the Father view,

May he his Father's Steps pursue,

And deck'd with Arts grow up to Man !

## VI.

Thus may their Moments glide away  
In a Succession of Delights!  
To Pleasures may they wake each Day,  
And Golden Dreams crown all their Nights!  
While I their Bard, blest too by Fate,  
Indulge my Muse, nor grudge the Great  
Their Noise, their Pomp, and Luxury:  
Thinking it full enough, that Heav'n,  
If not Abundance, yet has giv'n  
What may content my Friends, and Me.







# H O R A C E

*Ode XXIV. Book I.*

P A R A P H R A S ' D.

I.

**A**ND equal to the Woe  
What Tears can flow?

*Melpomene*, sad doleful Queen,

Begin, *Melpomene*, begin,

And weeping Strains inspire!

*Melpomene*, whom *Jove* has blest

With melting Voice above the rest,

And soft complaining Lyre.

D 2

II. Is

## II.

Is *Anna* then for ever gone, and must  
 She lie for ever in the silent Urn?  
 Will nought invite her Soul's Return  
 Once more t' inform the Sacred Dust?  
*Anna* the Good, the Kind, the Just?  
*Anna* the Kind, the Good, the Just,  
 Must lie for ever in the silent Urn,  
 And o'er the senseless Sacred Dust  
 Must we for ever Weep, for ever Mourn  
 Oh! killing Thought! where shall we find  
 Such Majesty with so much Virtue join'd?  
 To Mercy still was She, and Gentleness inclin'd?

## III.

Much wept by all  
 Did Heav'nly *Anna* fall!  
 But oh! *My Lord!* You o'er the Sacred Heart  
 Pour Floods o' Tears.

And pray, and pray: but pray in vain  
To have your *Anna* back again,  
Not lent you for a longer Term of Years.

IV.

Did you the \* *Thracian* Bard excel  
In Numbers on the tuneful Shell,  
That forc'd the dancing Woods along  
To listen to his wondrous Song:  
In vain wou'd all your *Airs* be plaid;  
In vain you'd call th' unbodied Shade,  
From dark *Elysian* Vales, to come  
And once more own the former Home.  
No! rigid Fate relentless hears  
The moving'st Sounds, the softest Pray'rs.  
And never, never *Anna* more  
Wou'd to her weeping Isle restore.  
Hard Destiny! but still the fiercest Grief  
In Manly Patience will find some Relief.

\* *Orphans.*

D 3

A



A

## S O N G.

I.

**B**ELINDA! when I view that Face,  
Where such enchanting Sweetness reigns  
I'm sure of Ruin, yet I gaze,  
And feed the Poison in my Veins.

II.

Thus o'er the soft attractive Fire  
Hovers the Moth with quiv'ring Wings;  
Thus dies, unable to retire,  
And shun the Fate such Rashness brings.







A  
S O N G.

**H**ERE, gentle *Chloe*, let me rest,  
For ever on thy snowy Breast!  
Oh! here unburthen all my Gares,  
And for a-while forget my Fears!  
While thus on *Chloe's* Breast I lie,  
No Monarch's half so blest as I.

But short's the Joy that *Chloe* gives,  
She bids me rise, and *Damon* grieves!!  
Poor *Damon* grieves, and wafts his Years  
In Groans, and most unmanly Tears!  
Till the kind Fates once more ordain  
Fair *Chloe's* Smiles to ease his Pain.



T O

*JOHN FORTESCUE, Esq;*From *Horace O. xxvi. B. i.**Written in the Year 1719.*

I.

**B**E the Muse but propitious, no Cares shall  
molest

The Peace of my Breast.

All Sorrows I'll throw to the Winds on the Main,

Nor shall Affairs of State disturb my Brain,

What is't to me who rules in *Spain*?

Shall

Shall I, pray, discontented sit

At what makes *Alberoni* fret,

While pow'rful Foes conspire his Prince's Fall?

Vain Cobwebs all!

And ought to be below a Poet's Care:

Pray what has he to do with War?

II.

*Muse!* Queen of fair Fountains,

And odorous Mountains,

Where Flow'rs are still springing,

And Birds sweetly singing;

Bring hither, Nymph, bring

The gay Pride of the Spring,

The Violet and Lilly, the Pink and the Rose,

With ev'ry choice-scented *Narcissus* that blows,

To adorn with a Wreath the lov'd *Fortescue's*

Brows.

III. Small

## III.

Small are the Honours I can give ;  
But thou can'st make Him ever live,  
Harmonious with thy Golden Lyre:  
Thy Sisters then assemble, Queen,  
And join in some immortal Strain,  
Which Worth, like His, is wont t'inspire.  
Oh! join, and sing the Godlike Youth  
Firm to his Principle, and fix'd in Truth,  
A more deserving Name  
Thou can'st not consecrate to Fame.  
A Name, which thro' so many Ages' Flight,  
Has still distinguish'd stood with Marks of fairest  
[White.







THE  
S T O R Y  
OF  
ORPHEUS *and* EURYDICE.

I.  
**O**RPHEUS, for lovely Confort lost,  
Disconsolate,  
And forlorn fate  
On Hell's unwelcome hideous Coast.

And nought he spies  
But flowing Tears;  
And nought but Cries,  
And Groans he hears.

And

And doleful Pains,  
And ratling Chains,  
Wounds, and Death,  
At ev'ry Breath,  
Women's Shrieks,  
Children's Squeaks,  
Exciting horrid Fears.

But lo! the Bard begins his Song,  
And strikes the founding Wire!  
See! how pale Spectres scud along  
To listen to his Lyre!

No more he spies

Despairing Tears:

Loud Groans and Cries

No more he hears.

No killing Pains,

No ratling Chains,

No

No Blood, and Death,

At ev'ry Breath,

No Women's Shrieks,

Nor Children's Squeaks

Fill now his wounded Ears:

See! dancing Furies find alternate Ease,

And all *Elysium's* hush'd in balmy Peace.

No rav'nous Vulture *Titius'* Intrails feel:

No Stone, O *Sisyphus*, renews thy Toil;

No tempting Fruit does *Tantalus* beguile,

And Musick stops *Ixion's* Wheel.

II.

By the od'rous *Zephyr's* Gales,

That wanton o'er *Elysian* Vales,

And kifs the smiling Flow'rs;

By the curling Amber Stream,

And Banks, where Godlike Poets dream

Away the Golden Hours;

46     *Miscellaneous Poems, &c.*

By the ever-blooming Grove,  
Where Venerable Heroes rove,  
By ev'ry Daffodil, and Rose,  
That to perfume thy Bosom grows;  
By thy own bright resistless Charms,  
Oh! Beauteous Queen!  
Oh! *Proserpine*!

Restore my Consort to my longing Arms!

III.

Thus sung the Poet to his Lyre,  
And lo! the Strains victorious prove:  
Stern *Proserpine* cou'd not deny her,  
But gave him back his beauteous Love.  
His Love, ah! lost a second Time!  
A second Time mixt with the youthful Shades  
She wanders in the yellow Meads.  
How the sad Poet weeps his Crime!



*Eurydice* he calls with Floods o' Tears:

He calls: but no *Eurydice* appears.

*Eurydice*! my Dear! my Love! my Life!

Come to my Arms! he spoke, but not the Wife.

What cou'd the wretched Husband do?

What Art remain'd t'elude the fullen Woe?

See! how he roves

'Mongst *Hæmus*' Groves;

Distracted, lost,

With Furies tost,

And Love crost,

In Snow and Frost,

To Rocks, and Stones

He makes his Moans,

And fills all the Mount with his echoing Groans.

But hark! what Yelps, and Cries!

Ah! see! how he flies! how he flies!

The *Bacchanals* hear him,  
And see how they tear him,  
Mangled he lies, he lies,  
Ah! now he dies!

Yet ev'n in Death

The Poet sung:

*Eurydice* imperfect hung

Still flutt'ring on his Tongue,

Expiring with his latest Breath.

And hollow Mountains,

And falling Fountains,

And lowly Vales around

*Eurydice, Eurydice, Eurydice* rebound.





HORACE to MÆCENAS

PARAPHRAS'D.

*Ode ult. B. 2.*

I.

**F**arewel! vile Earth, and dull Mortality!

Farewel fantastick Pageantry!

For what have I to do below?

*Mæcenas!* let me go!

*Mæcenas!* born of Royal Blood,

My Grace, Support, and sweetest Good!

Comply, *my Lord*, at length comply!

'Tis well: now will I soar,

Where never Poet yet has gone before,

Round the whole Circuit of the liquid Sky.

E

II. In

## II.

In vain shall snarling Envy now  
 (Envy, a Monster only known below)  
 Make her Efforts to wound my Name:  
 I have too well secur'd my Fame.  
 Plac'd in a Globe of purple Light  
 I'll laugh at all her harmless Spight.

In vain pale Death shall wait  
 Her Conquests over me to boast  
 Transform'd into a meagre Ghost:  
 I will not fall a Sacrifice to Fate.

*Horace*, tho' mean my Family,  
 My *Lord*, your *Horace* will not die.

The greedy Grave,  
 And more devouring Worms of me shall nothing [have  
 No! tho' the World's consum'd, untouch'd I'll live  
 And universal Nature gloriously survive!

III. Ev



III.

Ev'n while I boast the Honours of my Art,  
 A Metamorphose seizes ev'ry Part.  
 Soft Plumes my Waste, and Arms, and Thighs [inclose,  
 While o'er my Legs a rugged Surface grows.  
 Harmonious Musick fills my flowing Tongue,  
 And snowy Wings are from my Shoulders sprung.  
 No more's remaining of the former Man;  
 The *Roman Horace* is a tuneful Swan.  
 Tuneful as e'er by *Tibur's* flow'ry Side,  
 Strain'd her melodious Throat, and singing died.

IV.

Now, quick as Thought, I'll cut the yielding Air,  
 And round the World triumphant fly,  
 The *Horace* of the Sky.  
 The distant Nations of the perfum'd East  
 Shall ravish'd hear  
 Th' harmonious Accents of my Song:

Accents that have been long  
Th' Astonishment of their *Italian* West.

I'll view the Northern Hemisphere,

And there aloud proclaim

My Poetry and Fame:

*Bosph'rus* shall listen to my Lyre.

The roaring *Bosph'rus* shall each Note resound,

And tell it to the neighb'ring Floods around.

If there does any Part

Of the vast Globe yet undiscover'd lie,

I'll thither fly,

And Eternize my Name and Art.

So thro' the World shall I be known,

And make succeeding Ages all my own.

V.

Prepare, *my Lord*, prepare,

For me no stately *Pyramid*, or Hearse,

For me Immortal, as my Verse.

Cut off unnecessary Care:

Nor

Nor wast your self in vain, tho' pious, Tears.

Let me no Pomp of Sorrow have,

No needless Honours of a Sepulchre,

Who thus do bravely triumph o'er the Grave!



A N

O D E.

G O, Muse; to *Celia* strait repair,  
And plaintive tell the cruel Fair,

That while she triumphs in her Eyes,  
Regardless of her Slave, he dies.

Tell her I ply the chearful Bowl,  
To sooth the Labours of my Soul.

E 3

Tell

Tell her I touch the sprightly Lyre,  
And sing, to make my Cares expire:  
But neither with rich Juices wet  
Can I fair *Celia*'s Form forget:  
(Dull and insipid is the Round,  
Be not the Glas to *Celia* crown'd)  
Nor can my Numbers please me long,  
Unless her Beauties grace the Song.

*Celia!* regard thy Suppliant's Pray'r,  
And be as kind as thou art fair!  
Oh! lend compassionate thy Aid,  
And cure the Wounds those Eyes have made.  
Wou'd *Celia* kind and gentle prove,  
Ye Gods! it wou'd be Heav'n to Love.  
Then sweetly shou'd I touch the Lyre,  
And sing the Song such Charms inspire.  
*Celia* shou'd in my Numbers reign;  
*Celia* shou'd govern ev'ry Strain.

*Celia,*



*Celia*, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,  
The Pride and Glory of her Race.

O Nymph! rich in thy native Bloom,  
Would'st thou a pleasing Smile assume,  
When I approach those Lips to kifs,  
Nor seem to grudge the heav'nly Blifs:  
Nor *Chloe*, nor a brighter Form  
Wou'd like the kinder *Celia* charm:  
But th' Height of my Desires shou'd be,  
*Celia*! to live and die with thee!





# H O R A C E

## I M I T A T E D.

**O**NCE briskly I engag'd the Fair,  
 And like a metled Soldier fought:  
 But now worn out with am'rous War,  
 Far fled's from me each warmer Thought.

Yon Wall must now receive the Lyre,  
 On which so oft I've sportive plaid  
 Soft Airs, industrious to inspire  
 With glowing Love the tender Maid.

*Venus!*

*Venus!* indulge me my last Pray'r!

Show'r down Revenge on *Chloe's* Head!

Grant, envying ev'ry kinder Fair,

She still may Live, and Die a Maid!



T O

Mrs. B. T.

I.

**H**Ad'ft thou, Nymph, shone in *Ovid's* Days,  
*Corinna* ne'er had grac'd his Song:

Those Beauties, which our Wonder raise,

Had dwelt for ever on his Tongue.

II.

If e'er I beg the Muse to guide

My Fingers o'er each trembling String;

It

It shall be when to one supply'd  
With ev'ry Charm, like you, I sing.

## III.

Tho' weak my Genius, mean my Skill;  
Yet cou'd you pleas'd my Voice, or Lyre  
Attend, I wou'd not wish to feel

The *Roman* Bard's Diviner Fire.

## IV.

Resting beneath the heav'nly Bliss  
No more I'd sweat to gain a Name :  
But thank the Pow'r, that gave to please  
One dearer much to me, than Fame.







A  
H Y M N  
TO  
V E N U S,

Occasioned by the late NUPTIALS

BETWEEN

Mrs. ANNE WOLLASCOTT,

AND

RALPH WIDRINGTON, Esq;

---

— *Decet hæc dare Dona.* Ovid.



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A

## H Y M N to *V E N U S*, &c.

I.

**V***ENUS!* Bright Goddess! leave a-while  
Th' *Idalian* Walks, or *Cyprian* Isle:

Or if fair *Paphos* thee detains

Rev'ling in Myrtle-shaded Bow'rs :

Or *Cnidos* gay with painted Scenes,

And sweet Variety of Flow'rs:

Oh! hast from *Cnidos*, or the *Paphian* Groves,

With all the little laughing Loves,

And

And let a long immortal Train  
 Of Graces fair attend their Queen:  
 And while we own your mighty Pow'rs;  
 Lead on the jolly joyous Hours!

## II.

*Venus!* O charming Deity!  
*Venus!* we bow our Heads to thee:  
 That dost undoubted Sway maintain  
 O'er Gods and Men.

Fierce Sorrow, and Heart-breaking Woe  
 Thou never knew'st, nor wilt thou ever know.

Transporting Pleasure  
 Without Measure

Thy ev'ry blisful Minute claims;

In am'rous Play

Thou spend'st the Day;

The Night in gentle Dreams.

Immortal



Immortal Joys still on thee wait,  
Thou fairest Daughter of Eternal Fate!

III.

Hail! *Venus*! Hail! that yield'st to none,  
Equally reigning with thy Son. [spread,  
Thro' the whole World thy wide Dominion's  
Great Mistress of the Genial Bed!  
Ev'n *Cretan Jove* rises to thee,  
O Mightier far than he!  
When thou amidst thy smiling Loves  
Thro' high *Olympus* driv'st thy Snowy Doves;  
One Glance shot from thy sparkling Eye  
The Sire of Gods and Men disarms:  
*Jove* lays th' uplifted Thunder by,  
And longs to fold thee in his circling Arms,  
Thou Source of unresisted Charms!

IV.

*Venus*! that happy mak'st our Days,  
To thee we consecrate our Lays;

That



Each Art he tries to win the Beauteous Maid,

At last to thee he pray'd;

' *Venus*! bright-shining with a Heav'n of Charms,

' Give, *Venus*, give *Pastora* to my Arms!

' Tell me what more than mortal Art

' Will make me reign unrivall'd in her Heart.

' Tell me; for surely *Venus* knows

' What most affects the matchless Fair:

' Whether repeated Pray'rs and Vows,

' A skilful Dance, or graceful Air:

' Tell me; so may thy hallow'd Altars burn

' With brightest Incense, as thy Feasts return!

' And ev'ry Tongue in Heav'n and Earth confess

' Thee the sole Giver of substantial Bliss!

VI.

He pray'd; nor pray'd the Youth in vain:

*Pastora* feels a pleasing Pain

Whenever *Strephon*'s by:

F

*Stre-*

Each

*Strephon* is He of all the Race,  
 That stands adorn'd with ev'ry Grace  
 In bright *Pastora's* Eye.

The glowing Youth soon saw the fair One's Flame,  
 And thanks the Pow'r from whose kind Hand it  
 [came.

- ' And, *Venus*, hail! says he:
- ' Tis thou that fair *Pastora's* Charms
- ' Giv'st gracious to my longing Arms,
- ' Thou sweetest Deity!
- ' Now will I to the Altar lead
- ' The blushing Maid,
- ' And Hand in Hand
- ' We'll tie the Nuptial Band.
- ' Do thou, O *Venus*, wait us there,
- ' Author of all that's Good and Fair!

## VII.

He spoke; and, *Venus*, see! the blooming Maid,  
 And the brisk Bridegroom to the Altar lead,  
 Hand



Hand in Hand

To tie the Nuptial Band.

Bid Musick's chearful Voice awake,  
Each Instrument in Sounds harmonious speak.

Let the deep Curtail, and soft Flute,  
Th' enliv'ning Haut-boy, and the Lute,  
Together with the trembling Lyre,  
Let all conspire

*Pastora's* Transports to compleat,  
And welcome *Strephon* to his happy State.

Bring, Virgins, fragrant Roses bring,  
With all the Flow'ry Beauty of the Spring.

The Pink, the Rose, and Violet spread

Where *Strephon* and *Pastora* tread:

Who does to ev'ry Eye disclose

More Beauties than the fairest Rose.

VIII.

Virgins! to *Her* your Voices raise!

Ye Youths! to *Him* sing Songs of Praise!

Who still in Honour's Paths has trod,  
 True to his King, his Country, and his God.  
 The unexampled Virtues of his Race  
 Descend to him, and all his Actions grace.  
 Tho' Brave, not Arrogant : not Light, tho' Gay:  
 Tho' Gen'rous, not Profuse: but Good without  
 [Allay.

## IX.

When *Strephon* first breath'd Vital Air,  
 Him the *Great Father* did declare  
                     Heav'ns special Care.  
 When thro' the Skies auspicious Lightning ran,  
 And universal Nature a new Face put on.  
 Flowers in all their Pomp appear,  
 To richly cloath the jolly Year.  
 In beauteous Robes of choicest Green  
 Is ev'ry Virgin Grotto seen:

While

While all the sweet Musicians of the Sky,  
In warbling Notes,  
Strain their harmonious Throats,  
With wondrous Emulation to salute the New

X.

Nor from less fam'd Beginings did thy Eyes,  
*Pastora*, to such Lustre rise.

The Graces round thy Cradle crowd,  
And joyous tell thy Destiny aloud.

T' have all that makes our Moments sweet  
They sing will be the Fair *Pastora's* Fate.

They sing, and gently form  
The tender Members of the C  
And wrap it up in Nature's ev'ry Charm:  
They sung; the Infant smil'd.

XI.

Say, *Venus*, Sea-born Goddess, say,  
Saw'st thou ever such a Pair!

A Nymph so gay,  
 A Nymph so fair,  
 Or a Youth with such an Air!

Thrice happy Loves!

Godlike He,

Celestial She,

And Beauteous as thy Silver Doves.

XII.

*Venus*, that dost to Pleasures lead,  
 Bless, *Venus*, bless their Nuptial Bed;  
 And on the youthful Couple pour  
 The num'rous Joys thou hast in Store.  
 Oh! let a little prattling Race  
 Crown with Delight the Parents' Days!  
 And be it thy peculiar Care  
 Like *Him* the Boys, the *Girls* to form like *Her*!

XIII.

But oh! (for, *Venus*, still we pray to Thee)  
 Let no corroding Jealousy,

No



No jarring Discord intervene  
To spoil the heav'nly Scene.  
May ev'ry Pleasure Man can know  
To *Strephon* and *Pastora* flow  
In one uninterrupted Stream,  
While He is blest in Her, and She in Him!  
Inviolable Love and Peace  
Be all the Bus'ness of their Halcyon Days!  
So will *Pastora's*, and her *Strephon's* Name  
In Fairest White be mark'd in all the Rolls of Fame





Oestro correptus Vates canit  
*Annæ Reginae Apotheosim.*

O D E.

QVO me, Musa, rapis Tui  
 Plenum? Præcipitem in Fila quis impulit  
 Vatem Pierius Calor,

*Pulsans insolito Pectus anhelitu?*

*Non solum Cycnus humida*

*Tranavit Latius nubila præpete*

*Pennâ olim, atque perennibus*

*Inscribenda Notis Carmina luserat;*

*Immor-*

*Immortalia me quoque*

*Imbellis Citharæ Musa potens dedit*

*Late concinere, et fugâ*

*Immensum volucris surgere in arduum.*

*Et plumas pedibus ligans*

*Aptavit, digitisque, atque humeris leves.*

*In me tota ruens Dea*

*Pindum deseruit. Jamque ego desidum*

*Alâ præcipiti vagas*

*Turmas linquo Virûm: atque impete vividus*

*Festino ilicet aurea*

*Calco nobilium Culmina Turrium, et*

*Propugnacula Principum.*

*Jam festâ volucris nube supervolo*

*Regum Tecta minantium,*

*Arcesque, et populos, et Procerum Pyras.*

*Jam Cursu spatia ætheris*

*Proscindo liquidi longa brevissimo,*

*Et*

*Et spumantia desuper*

*Vasti prospicio marmora Nerei, et  
Ponto Regna natantia.*

*Majestate potens ut vitreis Caput  
Undis erigit Albion,*

*Legesque et tumido jura dat aequori!  
Ut frustra Oceani minæ*

*Conspirant rabido subruere impetu  
Fixam Sedibus Insulam! at,*

*Dum canto, Domine Terra Britannia  
Abscessit, minor aspici.*

*Jam jamque ex oculis fugerat invida.  
Jam Currus equito super*

*Alatos Zephyrorum, et vaga Fulmina.  
Ut Cælum mihi devio*

*Mirari placet! ô nubium amabiles  
Plausus prætereuntium!*

*O Sphæræ modulos, atque gyrabilis*

*Argutam*

*Argum*

*O*

*Lucis*

*O*

*Aura*

*A*

*Qui b*

*C*

*Percu*

*F*

*An, de*

*V*

*Lude*

*S*

*Astra*

*T*

*Plect*

*Ig*



*Argutam harmoniam poli!*

*O Sedes rutilas, atque volubiles*

*Lucis purpureæ Globos!*

*O Lunæ Choreas! ô radiantium*

*Aurata atria Syderum!*

*At qui nunc fidium, qui citharæ modi,*

*Qui blandæ moduli Lyre,*

*Cæli, cum querulo murmure barbiti,*

*Percurrunt Capitolia,*

*Fulgentesque domos ætheris? Audio?*

*An, deludit amabilis*

*Vatem insania? Io! audio, et igneis*

*Ludentes video arcibus*

*Stellati Angelicos imperij Choros,*

*Astræamque sonantia*

*Tangentem digitis plenius aurei*

*Plectri fila nitentibus,*

*Ignisque ætherei Carmina barbiti*

*Aptantem*

76      *Miscellaneous Poems, &c.*

*Aptantem aetherei modis.*

*Sed quo nunc rapior? præcipitem fugam  
Paulum comprime, Gloriam et  
Contemplare tuæ, Musa, Britanniae.*

*Tota ut cernitur aureâ  
Splendens Luce! Lyram quam bene temperat  
Aurëam! Corde Cupidinis*

*Divini celeres spirat ut halitus!  
Quam dulcis nitidâ insidet  
Majestas facie! ô lucida Sydera*

*Fulgentes oculi! aspici  
O Vultus nimium splendidus! ô decus  
Pubertatis amabilis*

*Æternum! ut radijs alma micantibus  
Cingit Tempora Gloria!*

*Astrææ nitor oh! ut mi animam sacris  
Torret ignibus! ah! polo*

*Cur me, Magna Parens, prospicis exulem?*

*Vosque,*

*Vosque, ô Virginei Chori!*

*Ah! cur me miserum cernitis Exulem!*

*Hic, hic vincula Corporis*

*Rumpam, invisaque mortalia me exuam.*

*Hic chordas sociæ novas*

*Aptabo Citharæ. Quam bene tinnula*

*Vestris Catibus insitus*

*Tangam Fila manu! Threiciâ Lyrâ*

*Blando blandius Orpheo*

*Ludam, atque Æolij Carminis Æoliö*

*Vincam Carmine Principem.*

*Doctas ipse mihi cedit Horatius*

*Musas qui Latio intulit.*

*Credam Calicolæ? an nunc placidâ sopor*

*Tandem fallit imagine?*

*Credam. Jamque mei nil superest. Ego*

*Mirum! surripior mihi,*

*Et lethi laqueis expedior. Nihil*

*Nunc*

*Nunc mortale loquor. Nihil*

*Humanum sono. Quam dulce (canentibus*

*Dum præbes Sacra Numina, et*

*Fecundos latices Castaliæ tuis*

*Pandis, Pieri, Vatibus)*

*Astræam est tremulo dicere barbito!*







A

# DIALOGUE

In Imitation of

## HORACE.

POET.

WHILE I was grateful to thy Arms,  
And revell'd, *Chloe*, in those Charms;  
When Thou, propitious to my Pray'r,  
Wert studious still to lull my Care:  
When I cou'd on thy snowy Breast  
(That Seat of Bliss) unrivall'd rest,  
No Monarch e'er was half so blest.

CHLOE.

A

## C H L O E.

While I alone your Bosom warm'd,  
 Nor *Celia* more than *Chloe* charm'd:  
 When I still found thy honest Youth  
 All eager Fondness, Love, and Truth:  
 Thy *Chloe* was more truly blest,  
 Was of sincerer Joys possess'd,  
 Than ever fill'd a Princess' Breast.

## P O E T.

Soft *Celia*'s Arts, and heav'nly Form  
 Do, I confess, resistless charm;  
 That knows so well th' harmonious Song  
 To warble on her tuneful Tongue.  
 Had I a hundred Lives to give,  
 A hundred times I'd cease to live,  
 So the dear *Celia* might survive.

## C H L O E.

Me sprightly *Thirsis* now detains  
 In Love's soft Bonds, and pleasing Chains.

Whose

Whose winning Arts and Mien inspire  
The coldest Heart with warmest Fire!  
*Thirsis*, for whom I'd freely leave  
A thousand Worlds, cou'd I but save  
The dear dear Creature from the Grave.

P O E T.

What if th' extinguish'd Flame return,  
And I once more for *Chloe* burn?  
If I dissolve fair *Celia*'s Chain,  
And only live for thee again?  
If *Celia*'s Voice, and heav'nly Form  
No longer shall resistless charm,  
But you alone my Bosom warm?

C H L O E.

Tho' he shou'd glitter, like a Star,  
And you inconstant be as Air;  
Tho' Passions in your Breast shou'd reign  
Fiercer than th' *Adriatic* Main;

G

By

By *Venus*' Shrine I swear, that I  
 (*Venus* avenge the Perjury!)  
 With you wou'd wish to Live, and Die!



## THE

## DESPAIRING LOVER.

**A** *S Thirsis*, the Swain,  
 One Day on the Plain

Was despairing of gaining his Love:  
 He was moaning, and sighing,  
 And at last fixt on dying,  
 That Way all his Pains to remove.

There-



Therefore, wearied with Woes,  
To a River he goes;  
(Heav'n guard us from th' hard-hearted Maid!)

But as he was swooning  
At Thoughts of his Drowning,  
Young *Cupid* repair'd to his Aid.

And is *Phillis* unkind,  
And false, as the Wind,  
Says the Godhead, and kills thee with Scorn?

Pr'ythee, *Thirsis*, be thou  
To her scornful too,  
But drown for no Woman e'er born.

'Tis the Way of their Sex  
Their Loves to perplex;  
But when the cross Progeny find,

That they for their Scorn

Meet an equal Return,

They grow most Caressing and Kind.

Young *Cupid* was heard

By the Swain with Regard,

Who now does no longer complain;

But blesses the God,

That the Method had shew'd

His troublesom Lover to gain.





H O R A C E's

*Quem tu Melpomene, &c. O. 3. B. 4.*

P A R A P H R A S' D.

I.

**T**HE Mortal, whose Auspicious Birth  
The Muse regarded with a gracious Eye,  
Contemns the gaudy Vanities of Earth,  
And all its empty Pageantry.  
In vain shall th' *Isthmian* Game,  
Promise t' exalt him high in Fame,  
And with her glorious Sons enrol his Name.

G 3

In

In vain the gilded Chariot, and the Bays  
 Accompanied with pop'lar Praise,  
 Shall tempt him to th' *Olympic* Chace.  
 In vain shall all the shining Charms,  
 And the long Glories of successful Arms  
 Allure him to the dusty Field,  
 The Sword and Martial Pike to wield.  
 Nothing shall bend his stubborn Soul,  
 Which, like a fixt *Icarian* Rock,  
 Immoveable shall bear each boistrous Shock,  
 And dare the furious Waves that roll.

## II.

The soft Recesses of the Wood,  
 And gentle Murm'ring of the Flood  
 His better Thoughts and Study claim:  
 These shall immortalize his Name,  
 And raise the Mortal to a God.

Supinely



Supinely laid along  
 The Flow'ry Bank of *Tibur's* fertile Stream  
 He'll form a *Lyric* Song  
 (*Tibur* it self may be the Theme)  
 As shall be meritorious of Eternal Fame.

III.

Fair *Rome's* fam'd Sons, delighted with my Strains,  
 Are pleas'd to join me to the tuneful Throng:  
 Fair *Rome*, blest City! that unrivall'd reigns  
 The darling Child of Fate and Heav'n,  
 By whom to her has long  
 The Empire of the World been giv'n.  
 My Work is done: I now triumphant rise  
 Above curst *Envy's* Injuries.  
 In vain she strives to blast my Name,  
 And to suppress my growing Fame,  
 Thro' glitt'ring Paths and Tracts I soar,  
 In Poetry new Worlds t' explore,

While the malignant Crowd below  
Bark at me, as to Heav'n I go.

Where I, receiv'd among the Gods,  
Quaff purple *Nectar* in their bright Abodes.

## IV.

Sweet Goddess of all tuneful Things,

Parent of Sounds, Celestial Muse!

From gracious Thee my Glory springs;

From Thee, O potent to infuse

Soft Musick into silent Wood,

And mute Inhab'tants of the Flood.

Thee will I bless in grateful Lays,

The bounteous Source of all my Praise.

If I'm distinguish'd by the Crowd,

Who gaze, admire, and cry aloud

When-e'er I pass along:

“ 'Tis he that wears the *Roman* Bays,

“ 'Tis he that melting Numbers plays,

“ And charms us with his Song;

This

This Benefit is justly due

*Great Goddess!* unto you.

Thee then, *Great Goddess*, I'll in Verse

As lasting as the Universe,

Around the World proclaim

The Author of my Life and Fame,

And all that I now have, or am!





## P O E T R Y,

A

CURE *for* AMBITION.

WHO thirsts for Honours, when the Song  
relates

How the fair *Silvia* in some Myrtle Grove,  
Dissolving with Excess of Love,  
Her youthful *Strephon* waits?  
Our Thoughts are turn'd another way,  
We wonder how the Youth can stay,  
And let his Love complain:

We



We soon, we think, shou'd ease, were we  
As happy and as blest as he,

The gentle *Silvia's* Pain.

The Youth has now approach'd his Bliss:  
See! how the am'rous Couple kiss!

Fair *Silvia's* eas'd of all her Pain:  
The racking Fit by this time's o'er,  
*Ambition* fires the Mind no more,  
We only wish to be this Swain.





THE  
FORCE of MUSICK,  
TO  
Mr. MORELLI,

I.

**M**ORELLI! charming Man! to Thee  
I sing the Pow'r of Harmony.  
From Harmony (stupendous!) sprung  
This Universal World;  
When all Things in Confusion hurl'd

AR

An huge unweildy Mass,  
And indigested *Chaos* was,  
Until th' Almighty sung.

The Song the rattling Trumpet breaths around;  
Strait Nature wak'ning at the Sound.

Forlakes her gloomy Trance,  
And does to graceful Form advance.

Then Wet, and Dry, and Cold, and Heat  
To their appointed Beds retreat.

Then tow'ring Mountains rise, the Plain subsides,  
And undisturbing these young *Ocean* rides,  
Beating against the Shore his refluxent Tides.

*From Musick, Heav'nly Musick, sprung*  
*This universal World;*

*When all Things in Confusion burl'd*

*An huge unweildy Mass,*

*And indigested Chaos was,*

*'Until th' Almighty sung.*

II. Musick,

## II.

Musick, the Gift of Gods, controuls

The rude Disorders of our Souls.

How at the sweet enchanting Sound

Sad Melancholy sinks away!

In Musick all our Cares are drown'd,

And gilding Suns restore the smiling Day.

The Mind returning Comfort finds,

And throws her Sorrows to the Winds.

What Passion will not Musick quell!

What Passion will not Musick raise as well!

## III.

Hark! how the Martial Trumpet sounds!

Gods! how the Youth rush into Wounds,

Confusion, Shrieks, Groans, Thunder, Fires,

Smoak, Bullets, Blood, and Death!

But now th' enliv'ning Sound expires

In its latest, latest Breath.

The



The sober Drum does slowly beat,  
And cries, Retreat! from warlike Toils retreat!

Oh! Youths! where's now your Heat?  
The Trumpets cease, no longer Glory charms,  
And pushes on the vig'rous Lifts to Arms.

*What Passions cannot Musick quell!*

*What Passions will not Musick raise as well!*

IV.

When in sadly-flowing Strains

Th' *Elegiac* Flute complains,

How languish we, and pine away!

What sprightly Warmth again inspires

Our Souls, again revives, and fires,

When sharp and quick the Violins play!

*What Passion cannot Musick quell!*

*What Passion will not Musick raise as well!*

V.

But oh! when speaks the sacred Organ's Voice,

The Organ's Voice so lofty, yet so sweet!

Rapt

Rapt up in Bliss our Souls rejoice,  
 And mount till they and Angels meet.  
 Angels, that from th' Empyrean Sphere  
 Post with a longing eager Haste  
 To catch each charming Sound, and fear  
 Each charming Sound will be the last.

## VI.

*Morelli!* Hail! to Thee 'tis giv'n  
 To lift us on the Organ's Voice to Heav'n.  
 How well is ev'ry tuneful Note  
 By thee to vary taught!  
 Now brisk, now flow,  
 Now high, now low  
 The Numbers flow.  
 Now Violins, and Flutes we seem to hear,  
 And now concerted Hautboys charm the Ear.  
 Thus, sweet Musician, dost thou sing,  
 And greet the *New-born King*.

All

\* All Adoration be to J E S U S paid,  
\* That's humbly in a Manger laid!  
Thus dost thou the *Almighty Father* greet,  
And oft the sacred Song repeat.

\* All Glory be

\* To GOD on high!

Thus dost thou greet

The *Holy Paraclete*.

[Peace,

\* Hail! Dove-like SPIRIT! Hail! rich in thy

\* Thou thrice-blest gav'st to Human Race!

Such and so charming Lays

Of old to Shepherds told th' Almighty's Praise;

When Angels sung the promis'd Saviour's Birth,

And *Peace to Men on Earth*.

So they transported Mortal Ears,

And so rejoyc'd the Spheres!



H

T O



T O  
B E L I N D A  
I N  
F L A N D E R S.

*Written in the Year 1718.*

[Ease,

**F**rom *Albion's* Isles, th' Abode of Wealth and  
To thee I write, O loveliest of thy Race!  
For such thou art, with Charms resistless crown'd,  
Born to strike ev'ry Eye, each Heart to wound.  
In whom strict Virtue is with Beauty join'd,  
Fair without Fault, without Reflection Kind!

While



While you in *Belgian* Lands extend your Sway,  
And count each Night the Conquests of the Day;  
Plaintive and sad from Place to Place I rove,  
And try all Arts to sooth the Cares of Love.  
But try all Arts in vain: in vain pursue  
Peace and calm Comfort, while thus torn from you!

*Brussels!* sweet Place! to me for ever dear!  
Will e'er the Months, the fairest of the Year,  
Will e'er the happy Months again return,  
When I no more shall sadly-pensive mourn?  
No more dejected hang my drooping Head,  
And weep the Wounds *Belinda's* Eyes have made?

Not such the Days, when Morn, and Noon, and  
Fled in a Circle of profuse Delight. [Night  
When Arm in Arm we wander'd in the Grove,  
And mingled Kisses with soft Tales of Love.

Or lay reclin'd beneath some fragrant Shade,  
The fondest Lover with the gentlest Maid!

But oh! the sad Condition of our State!  
Perhaps thy Love's transform'd to deadly Hate.  
Perhaps I'm grown detested to thy Arms,  
While a curst Rival revels in thy Charms;  
And rifles all those Sweets thou oft hast sworn  
Shou'd be alone thy *Damon's* balmy Store!

But why shou'd I such hateful Scenes display,  
And my poor Heart to fancied Ills betray?  
I still will think thee true, and ev'ry Charm  
Pure and unfullied, as an Angel's Form.  
So may, propitious to my Vows, once more  
Kind Heav'n *Belinda* to my Arms restore!





A  
FUNERAL POEM,

Sacred to the  
P I O U S M E M O R Y

Of the late  
Dr. P A S T O N.

---

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam Chari Capitis? Hor. L. i. Ode 24.*

---



THE

# FUNERAL POEM

Devoted to the

REMEMBRANCE

OF THE

DEPARTED

BY THE REV. J. H. ...

NEW YORK: ...



F U

A

Have

Grief

His





A

## FUNERAL POEM, &c.

**A**T length my Sorrows have a Passage found!  
My Words thus long

Have still expir'd upon my fault'ring Tongue,  
And in intelligible Sound

Essay'd in vain to issue forth:

[Birth!  
Grief, like a cruel Midwife, kill'd them in their

Grief for our dearest *Daphnis*' Fate,

Who had (so swift he flew)

Thro' glitt'ring Tracts out-shot our Sight,

Before we knew

He had a Mind to take his Flight:

His Flight, thrice-happy, had it been more late.

104      *Miscellaneous Poems, &c.*

*Daphnis*, dear *Daphnis*' gone! Let ev'ry Muse  
For him their wat'ry Eyes unluce:  
And o'er the senseless Sacred Hearse  
Pour forth a lawless Torrent of unbounded Tears,  
Complaining in the deepest *Elegiac* Verse.

In Verse like that, when heretofore  
They did their Loss in mighty \* *Pan* deplore;  
When he too soon for us was call'd to Rest,  
And *Nectar*'d Banquets of the Blest,

*Daphnis* is gone! the Kind Compassionate  
Is fall'n a Sacrifice to cruel Fate!

*Daphnis* is gone! where shall we find  
Another *He* amongst Mankind?

Another *He*'s not left behind.  
So Condescending, Humble, Mild, and Good,  
Each Action spoke the *Saint*, each Word the *Fa-*  
[*ther* show'd,

Is *Daphnis* then for ever gone?

Oh! killing Thought! will Nought retrieve

The Loss, but must we ever grieve?

Dear *Daphnis* is for ever gone,

And we must ever moan!

A deeper yet, and yet a deeper Groan

Let pompously resound

To all the neighb'ring Floods around.

No *Manes* of a vulgar Dead

Command this Tribute to be paid,

This watry Tribute of our Eyes;

'Tis *Daphnis* we lament:

To him we owe these Obsequies.

To him, who ah! by Heav'n too short a Time was [lent!

In *Daphnis* we regret a *Parent's* Fall:

For he a *Parent* was to all.

With

With what a lib'ral Hand and Heart  
Did he his Blessings still to us impart!

He gave in great Abundance of his Store,  
And let none, but himself, be poor.

But now no longer can he give;  
No longer our Necessities relieve.

A lifeless Lump of Sacred Clay

He lies within the silent Urn;

And till the *Great and Dreadful Day*,

Must never, never more return!

He in an early Age from worldly Noise  
Retir'd, t' attend the *Spouse's* softer Voice.

When form'd for Nothing here below  
(Where all is empty Pageantry and Show)

He still, with an unwearied Eye,

Look'd up to Heav'n, and endless Joys above,

As Objects well deserving of his Love,

And aim'd at nothing less than Immortality.

In



In vain the Ancient Honours of his Line  
Strive to withdraw him from his fix'd Design:

To tread the glitt'ring Paths of Fame,  
And with fresh Stars adorn the Name.

No! he by humbler, and less noisy Ways,  
Shall add a Lustre to his wondrous Race.

A great Contempt of all, that here

Below does great appear,

Shall lift him to th' Empyrean Sphere.

Plac'd in a Globe of Chrystal Light

Shall he incircled shine with Rays,

Which no corroding Ages' Flight,

Shall e'er efface.

In vain the Gifts of Nature strive to please,

And draw him after Pop'lar Praise.

In vain the soft alluring Charms

Of Flesh and Blood oppose their pow'rful Arms,

To

To make him quit the Conqu'ring Field;  
Rooted in *Chastity* he will not yield.

Nothing his stubborn Soul can bend,

Which like a fixt *Icarian* Rock,

That furious Winds combine to rend,

Immoveable bears ev'ry boistrous Shock.

From such firm Steadfastness of Mind,

The After-Man,

Early to rigid Piety inclin'd,

His Virtuous Course began.

The Future *Edifice*

On this found *Basis* was to rise.

A *Basis* which the *Building* wou'd sustain,

Maugre the rude Assaults of *Tide* and *Wind*,

And dare the furious *Main*.

This Greatness of his Soul declar'd,

That no Ascent of Virtue wou'd be hard.

Tho'

Tho' he had thro' each Virtue ran,  
Almost e'er he the Race began.  
But once set out he rather flew,  
Than run, so eager of each Good he grew!  
Nor wou'd he quit the pleasing Chace,  
Till the Celestial Grace  
Had kindly blest him with a strict Embrace.

*Goddeſs!* Sing on, and now bleſt *Daphnis* greet  
In Numbers, as his Virtues, ſweet.  
Bring, Youths, your Floral Honours bring  
To weave a Garland, while we ſing.  
Deck you the much-lov'd *Daphnis*' Hearſe  
With fragrant Flow'rs, as I with Verſe.  
The Violet, Pink, and Roſes twine,  
And to the Roſe the Lilly join.  
His *Purity* the *Lilly* ſhows;  
His *Modesty* the bluſhing *Rose*.

The

The *Pink*, that from an Ancient Root  
 Is sprung, will well his Garland suit;  
 That in his boasted Rise cou'd vie  
 With Most for *long Antiquity*.

He, tho' so well-descended, yet  
 Was *Humble*, as the *Violet*.

That still (such Nature in it lies)  
 Conceals its Glories from our Eyes,  
 While underneath the verdant Bow'r  
 Of it's own Leaves we find the Flow'r.

So *Daphnis* ever strove to fly

The Glories of his Family:

Has ever humble Paths pursued,

Well-pleas'd to be *Obscurely* Good.

'Deck, Youths, the much-lov'd *Daphnis*' Hearse

'With fragrant Flow'rs, as I with Verse.

But oh! imagine not my lowly Lays  
 Are meant, *Great Saint*, to reach thy tow'ring Praise.

(How



(How vain the Thought!) Enough for me to prove  
By Tribute of a Song my lasting Love!  
For who your *Charity* alone in Verse,  
As noble as the Subject, can rehearse?  
That burnt for ever, like the *Vestal* Flame,  
Shewing that, kindled there, from Heav'n it came.  
To which blest Home it did each Moment tend,  
Yet wou'd to meanest Duties condescend.  
So Humble, tho' so Lofty too, that we  
As well might call it pure *Humility*.  
Thus Monarch Cedars to the Nether Skies  
Descend, as far as to the Stars they rise.

On this Foundation were thy Virtues built;  
Foundation sure, that never Ruin felt.  
In vain Temptation's boistrous Tempests roar;  
*Humility* still breaks their dreaded Pow'r.

Hu-

*Humility*, and *Pray'r* are near allied:  
 What's humbly ask'd can never be denied.  
 This Gift, e'er Reason's radiant Beams had dawn'd  
 On infant Thee, O *Pastor*, you obtain'd:  
 Taught by a tender Parent's pious Care,  
 That Heav'n was promis'd a Reward to *Pray'r*.  
 But soon, on Heav'n with fond Devotion bent,  
 You did a tender Parent's Care prevent.  
 While both the Rising, and the Falling Day  
 Wond'red a Child so young so long cou'd pray.  
 Hence soon you grew with ev'ry Grace endued:  
 Yet you fresh Virtues earnestly pursued.  
 For, like a Miser, fearing to be poor,  
 You warmly pray'd incessantly for more,  
 To add yet Something to the former Store.  
 Nor pray'd in vain: Th' Almighty cou'd deny  
 No choice Perfection op'ning to your Eye.

Nor

Nor ev'n the promis'd Boon a-while defer:  
Too well He knew the Strength of mighty Pray'r.  
With Pray'rs on Pray'rs, of old like Mountains  
thrown,

You'd scale the Sky, and force the Blessing down.

Wou'd some propitious Deity inspire  
My Breast, O *Paston*, with an equal Fire;  
The Muse shou'd joyous then attempt to paint  
In proper Colours ev'ry Ornament:  
Each beauteous Virtue, that adorn'd your Mind,  
And render'd you the Glory of your Kind.  
But uninspir'd she sings: so must confess  
Her Insufficiency, and o'er each Grace  
The Curtain draw, she strives in vain t' express.  
As skilful Painters cast into a Shade  
The Beauties, they've without Success essay'd.

This we can only say ; you Heav'n each Hour,  
 (Loaded with Merits, and for Heav'n mature)  
 Expected, of the promis'd Bliss secure.

Your Conversation long before was there,  
 And all you waited was, Translating to the Sphere.

And surely Thou \* *Translated* wast——

So Smooth, so *Suddainly* thou took'st thy Way,  
 Consum'd not by a lingering Decay,  
*Now* healthy, *Now* inanimated Clay.

Thy Soul, invited forth by God's still Voice,  
 Obey'd the gentle Whisper, without Noise,  
 And fled serenely to the long'd-for Joys.

No Sign was giv'n to bid thee to the Feast ;  
 God knew thou always wast a ready Guest.

No Pain you suffer'd ; for you wanted none  
 To † *purge* the *Dross* ; that long before was done :  
 If that may *Dross* be call'd you *scarce* cou'd shun.

\* He died suddenly.

† According to the Roman-Catholick Notion.



No other fure had'st thou ; thy only Sin  
Not Mortal was, but *Mortal* to have been.  
As such thou Failings of inferiour Kind  
Wast forc'd to bear ; tho' few of those we find.  
So few, thou seem'd'st by Heav'n design'd to show,  
How like the Angels Man cou'd live below.

Oh! Happy Soul! oh! from thy bright Abode,  
Where thou enjoy'st clear Vision of thy God,  
(Transporting Vision! Source of ev'ry Good,  
That to the glorified Elect has flow'd,  
And will flow for Eternity) look down  
On us below; on us, now Orphans grown.  
Survey our Miseries; and from above  
Give us fure Pledges of thy wonted Love.  
Give us, distracted Grief to moderate  
For our hard Fortune, in thy better Fate.

Like Thee, to stem tempestuous Tide and Wind,  
 With a compos'd Equality of Mind,  
 Like Thee, Thou great Example of Mankind!  
 Until, absorpt in Seas of endless Bliss,  
 We sing with Thee in those Harmonious Palaces.

My Task is done; nor You, *Great Saint*, refuse  
 This Humble Offering of a Mourning Mule.

Alas! the last, the, after Floods o' Tears,  
 Cou'd pay thy dear Remains, and much-lamented  
 [Hearse.

And O ye pious Relics of his Race!  
 May you, delighted with the Theme, approve  
 My well-meant Lays!

Meant as an Instance of my Love  
 To you below, and to the *Saint* above.  
 The *Saint* above! so pleasing is the Song,  
 With melting Musick so it fills my Tongue;

Such

Such Transports from th' endearing Subject spring,  
That had I vacant Hours I'd sing  
To Mortals Things unknown,  
(The Muse desires  
What is unheard by others' Ears, unseen by others' [Eyes]  
What a Majestic Pompous Train  
Of Angels ever Fair, and Young,  
(Young as the blooming new-born Year,  
And as the Purple Morning Fair)  
From Realms of inexhausted Light came down,  
And posted thro' the azure Sky,  
(So nimbly and so quick they fly!)  
The azure Sky now brighter grown,  
To meet the Saint ascending to his Throne,  
That's now their Fellow-Citizen.  
Sing how they handed him along,  
How all the Way they taught and sung,

What

What mortal Ear  
 Cou'd not sustain to hear.  
 But I'm too narrowly confin'd,  
 And now, and now must close the Song:  
 What's left behind  
 Must die, must die, must die unspoken on my  
 [Tongue.



THE

C  
 V  
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 On C  
 Writ  
 In P  
 Ho  
 On C  
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 A S  
 To J  
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